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# HAMILTON SONGS

1902

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Mrs. Jane N. Grew, *S*  
Boston, Mass.

# HAMILTON SONGS

TO THE PERENNIAL MOTHER WHO DWELLS  
ON KIRKLAND HILL; TO THE DREAMS OF THE  
CAMPUS, AND THE SOFT FLUTES OF ITS MEMO-  
RIES; TO THE MEN OF THE EARLIEST CLASSES  
OF THE TWENTIETH CYCLE, AND TO THE OLD  
BOYS,—THIS FAGOT OF COLLEGE RHYMES IS  
TIED AND OFFERED

*“ Each heart recalled a different name:  
But all sang Annie Laurie ”*

Hamilton College

M C M I I



## 1

AIR: "Cheer, boys, cheer." Key of G.

**C**CHEER, boys, cheer! we come with joy and gladness,  
 Cheer, boys, cheer! our hearts are light and free.  
 Buoyant with hope, and spurning waves of sadness,  
 Gaily our ship comes bounding o'er the sea.  
 Hail, Alma Mater, be thou ever glorious;  
 Strong in the right, thy sons around thee stand;  
 Counsell'd by thee their cause shall be victorious;  
 Earnest and true they renovate the land.

CHO.—*Cheer, boys, cheer, for College joys and friendships;  
 Cheer, boys, cheer, in swelling notes of praise.*

## 2

With Word and Will.

C. M. von WERNER.

1. With word and will u - nit - ed, Our dought-y Dame be plight - ed!

2. A - loft in beau - ty seat - ed, With pur - pose un - de - feat - ed,

3. Thy love and lore we pon - der, And ev - er proud - er, fond - er;-

4. Then up, and all to - geth - er, Thro ev - ery wind and weath - er,

*Ring out for Hamilton a gladsome shout of triumph;  
Ring out a song for the home of College days!*

Cheer, boys, cheer! those walls of classic story  
Ancient and grand o'er all the valley rise;  
Guarding with care each smiling plain and hillside,  
Proud Alma Mater greets the bending skies;  
So may her sons, in faith and zeal and honor,  
High in renown and noble fame become,  
That when at last the summons shall be given,  
Heaven may receive them, all their labors done.

---

*f* Come we a - moth - er - ing, Ham - il - ton's praise we bring! *ff* Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!

*f* Long as our lives shall be We must re - mem - ber thee; *ff* Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!

*f* Wheth - er we dream, or do, Still to thy les - son true; *ff* Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!

*f* High as our hills shall rise, Broad as their summer skies, — Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!

3

## Our Inmost Love Beguiling.

*Poco allegro.*

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in a major mode. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Ours in - most love be - guil - ing, O'er Kirk - land val - leys bright,

Our Al - ma Ma - ter, smil - ing, Stands robed in gold - en light.

She spreads, in beauty peerless,  
Her strong maternal hands.  
In truth and duty fearless,  
She leads her loyal bands.

Perpetual hills, her wardens,  
Uphold her toward the sky,  
And o'er her swarded gardens,  
Long latticed shadows lie.

She rings her daily matin  
And curfew thro' the trees,  
Still blending life with Latin,  
And task with minstrelsies.

Then hail the star-crowned College!  
Shout forth with might and main!  
So long as love is knowledge,  
Our sibyl Queen shall reign.

4 *Ans: "Knight's Farewell." Key of D.*

**S**ING, day of merry greeting!  
With pulses march-time beating,  
From all life's twilight valleys  
Her boys our True Love rallies;  
With high acclaim we heed her will,—  
The darling Dame on College Hill!

Fond memories unnumbered  
Arouse that long have slumbered,  
Back troop those halcyon mornings  
We hurried at thy warnings;  
Our hearts are thine and all is well,  
Ring *Auld lang syne*, dear College bell!

The old boys and the new ones  
Alike are staunch and true ones;  
Triumphant be our singing,—  
Set all the old place ringing!  
For fairer one was never seen,  
And HAMILTON shall be our Queen!

## 5

Ans: "Speed Away." Key of E.

**W**HILE the months and the years speed an unceasing flight,  
 Thro the roses of dawn and the star-sprinkled night,  
 While the dews of life's morning depart with the day,  
 While her mellowing walls turn a tenderer grey:  
 Still stands the old College, her work but begun,—  
*Hamilton! Hamilton! Hamilton!*

Up and down men will go by the ways we now wend,  
 And the colors they bear, and the shoutings they blend,  
 Fade away into shadow and silence, and still  
 The new become old on the echoing Hill:  
 Where stands our good College, her work but begun,—  
*Hamilton! Hamilton! Hamilton!*

With a laugh on the lip and a mist in the eye,  
 We must gather too soon for that sorry Good-bye!  
 But the love of one Mother shall keep our ranks whole,  
 And each heart shall still answer *Here!* to the roll:  
 While stands the dear College, her work but begun,—  
*Hamilton! Hamilton! Hamilton!*

---

## 6

Ans: "Sweet Afton." Key of A flat.

**O**NEIDA'S broad valleys spread fair at thy feet,  
 Oriskany's waters sing softly and sweet,  
 On Kirkland's bright hillside, as proudly of old,  
 The story is telling, forever untold.  
 The eyes of our Mother, with love in their beams,  
 Watched gently the days of our passionate dreams,  
 Back, back to her fireside's affection we come;  
 For each is her boy yet, and glad to get home.

## This Good Old Place.

AIR: "The Danube River."

1. This good old place we'll ne'er for - get That wrought our hearts to - geth - er,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Her sap - phire nights and noons, be - set In youth's en - chant - ed weath - er.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Her vi - sions bright shall still re - main, And years but make them clear - er,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

clear - er: Her dream - ing days re - turn a - gain And all their charms grow dear - er,

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Her dream - ing days re - turn a - gain And all their charms grow dear - er.

The fifth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Here have we found a secret lore,  
 A mystery and token,  
 To bind our ways forevermore  
 And hold our ranks unbroken.  
 The stranger's eye shall never see  
 Nor alien ears discover — of her —  
*bis* { What makes our College Hill to be  
 So close to all who love her.

Then let her meed of praise outbreak !  
 And all the echoes capture  
 The chorus only they can wake  
 Who share our filial rapture.  
 The blights of time this Mother's brow  
 Shall never touch nor wither — wither  
*bis* { Her grace that holds our spirits now  
 And aye shall draw them hither.

**8** AIR: "Annie Laurie." Key of C.

**I**N beauty all embowered  
 Our faithful Mother stands,  
 With her youth unfading dowered,  
 With love's untiring hands.

*And we give our promise true  
 That ne'er forgot she'll be!  
 To our brave and bonnie College  
 We pledge our loyalty.*

She rhymeth with her reasons  
 A rune surpassing sweet,  
 And the bright quartette of seasons  
 Bides singing at her feet.

Still guard her glowing ingle  
 The poplar and the pine,  
 And the old lights thro us tingle  
 That from her windows shine.

**9** AIR: "Auld Lang Syne." Key of E flat.

**S**HOULD auld acquaintance be for-  
 And never brought to min'? [got,  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And the days of auld lang syne?

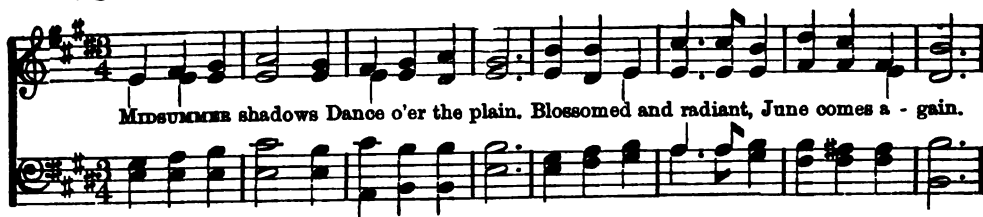
*That dear lang syne we'll ne'er forget!  
 Our College auld lang syne;  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For the days of auld lang syne.*

And so the days to come shall be  
 E'en as the days that were;  
 Our Mother holds us lovingly,  
 And we will stand by her!

*And, boys, by her we still will stand,  
 Tomorrow and for aye,  
 And all her heart hath prayed and plan'd  
 Shall find its crowning day!*

## 10

## Midsummer Shadows.



Work thine enchantment,  
 Subtle perfume!  
 Summon our yesterdays,  
 Mystical bloom!  
 Roses and romances  
 Strew as of old,  
 Attar for ashes,  
 Before life is cold.

Sound, silent voices,  
 Faint, far-away;  
 Murmur Eolian  
 Echoes today!  
 Eyes that are answerless  
 Sparkle once more!  
 Touch ours, ye vanished hands,  
 Just as before!

## 11

Key of E.

AVE, sanctissima,  
 We lift our souls to thee.  
 Ora pro nobis;  
 'Tis nightfall on the sea.  
 Watch us while shadows lie  
 Far o'er the waters spread,  
 Hear the heart's lonely sigh;  
 Thine too hath bled.

Thou that hast looked on death,  
 Aid us when death is near,  
 Whisper of Heaven to faith,  
 Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear!  
 Ora pro nobis,  
 The wave must rock our sleep.  
 Ora, mater, ora,—  
 Star of the deep!

Inscribed to the Class of Ninety-Seven.

**O** DON'T you remember the water so good,  
 That flowed in our old College well?  
 Where the moonlighted poplars as sentinels stood,  
 And the shade of the Cabinet fell.  
 The chain and the bucket that used to be then,  
 And the splash, and the drip at the rim;—  
 Oh, give us one draught of those waters again,  
 And we'll fill up the cup to the brim!  
*Oh, give us one draught, etc.*

And don't you remember the twilights so fair,  
 The seat by the wind-haunted pine,  
 With the songs drifting out on the blossoming air,  
 And the Chapel bell ringing for nine?  
 Now voices are silenced that laughed as they came,  
 And dear hands are parted and cold:  
 But our beautiful Hamilton still is the same,  
 Those waters are sweet as of old!  
*But our beautiful, etc.*

---

**D**EAR old Hamilton, where two and ninety years have snowed,  
 Dear old Hamilton, we cry our *Road! Road! Road!*  
 There's not a blessed one of us,  
 There's not a mother's son of us,  
 Dear old Hamilton, but joins the cry of *Road! Road! Road!*  
 Dear old Hamilton, but joins the cry of—*ROAD!*



## 14

## In the Days When These are Done.

*p Legato.*

*p*

*mf*

*dim.*

In the days when these are done, And scat-tered all whom here we knew,

Memory's touch will one by one Re-link the friendships tried and true.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a piano piece. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) and legato marking. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with dynamics moving from piano (*p*) to mezzo-forte (*mf*) and then to diminuendo (*dim.*). The lyrics are written below the staves.

Other hands and other songs shall clasp and blend as ours have met:  
But this home to us belongs, and never shall our hearts forget.

Swift and sure will they return, while life moves on thro smiles and tears;  
Olden joys again shall burn and backward roll the changing years.

Dear old Hill, and dear old crowd, unparted still tho absent all,  
Gleaming love no night can cloud - o'er life's long way thy light shall fall!

## 15

## Marching, Cheering.

MARCHING, cheering, swinging, singing, Ringing footbeats nearer bringing Kirk-land's Hill.  
With the old good will;

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a march. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

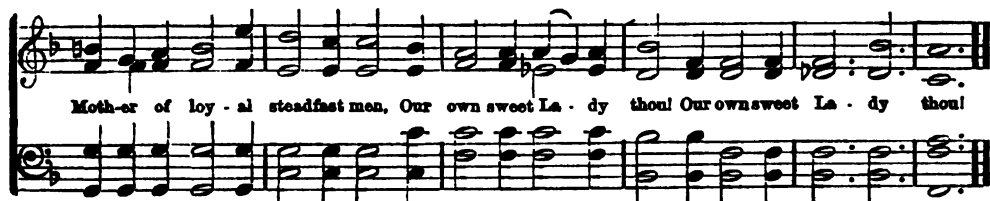
AIR: "Lauriger." Key of G.

<p><b>R</b>OLL a river wide and strong,          Like the tides a-swinging,          Lift the joyful floods of song,          Set the mountains ringing.          Run the lovely banner high,—          Crimson morning-glory!—          Field as blue as yonder sky,          Every star a story.</p> <p>Let the people, heart and lip,          Hail the gleaming splendor!          Let the guns from shore and ship          Acclamation render!          All ye oceans, clap your hands!          Echo plains and highlands,          Speed the voice thro all the lands          To the orient islands.</p>	<p>Darling flag of Liberty!          Law and love revealing,          All the downcast turn to thee,          For thy help appealing.          In the front for human right          Flash thy stars of morning,          All that hates and hides the light          Flies before thy warning.</p> <p>By the colors of the day,          By the breasts that wear them,          To the living God we pray          For the brave that bear them!          Run the rippling banner high;          Peace or war the weather,          Cheers or tears, we'll live or die          Under it together.</p>
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<p>Crowding echoes wake the valley,          As our song rolls forth;          Dally none, while hearts keep tally,—          West by North!</p>	<p>Let the sturdy choral eddy          Past the whisp'ring stream;          Steady; gladdening lamps already          Yonder gleam.</p>
--	---

Happy hours, too quickly fleeting,  
 Full of starry light!  
 Meeting hands and buoyant greeting,—  
 Then, — *Good-night.*



Haunting our hearts in absent days,  
 Calling us back from stress and storm,  
 Tenderly all the good old ways  
 Shine in thy smiles;—be *love* thy praise!  
 Thine arms are ever warm.

Memory still shall close enfold,  
 Whispering on, thy mystic joys;  
 Faith shall thy constant fame uphold;  
 While years—*Carissima!*—grow cold,  
 We still will be thy boys.

**O**H, we are the stuff, the Blue and the Buff, we are the stuff the people say,  
 No flies on us, no flies on us,—we're a regular la-di-da-di-da-de-day;  
 Then whoop it up for Hamilton! and whoop it up again;  
 There never was a jollier nor a better set of men;  
*We'll whoop it up for Hamilton! we'll whoop it up again!*  
 It's—RAH! RAH! RAH! HAMILTON.

**A**T the top o' the Hill, and the top o' the heap,  
 Our College her station shall sturdily keep;  
 So it's Stand all together, and Hands all around;  
 There is none like Old Hamilton anywhere found.

*Then every man up! and every man shout!  
 And all the wide land over thunder it out,  
 That, resolute, vigilant, staunch as of yore,  
 We will send our Old Hamilton straight to the fore!*

Oh, we love the good Matron, and never forget  
 How she swore all our hearts in perennial debt;  
 So let every last man of us sing with a will  
 Of the lovely old Lady that lives on the Hill!

By the starred and the laurelled that yonder have trod,  
 By the truth that we pledge and the succor of God,  
 By the old time that brightens and shines in the new,  
 We are steady and stubborn and bound to pull thro!

**S**WEET and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the western sea,  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the western sea.  
 Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come from the dying Moon and blow,  
 Blow him again to me,  
 While my little one,  
 While my pretty one,  
 Sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
 Father will come to thee soon;  
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
 Father will come to thee soon.  
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
 Silver sails all out of the west,  
 Under the silver Moon;  
 Sleep, my little one,  
 Sleep, my pretty one,  
 Sleep.

Let the song once more ring clear, For ev-'ry mer-ry year, Of the swift and ea-ger joys:  
ev-'ry mer-ry, merry year.

Here we've shared as college boys, *the song,* Once more!..... Once more!... Our song once more!  
Once more, once more! Once more,..... Our song once more!

boys, The song once more, once more, once more, once more!  
We will lift our song once more.

To the speeding Chapel bell, the sled-way, arbor, well,  
To the friendly twilight gloom  
Of the vocal College room; ONCE MORE!

For the burly, gallant life, the fun and frolic strife,  
For the class-cry rattling loud,  
For the colors and the crowd; ONCE MORE!

We'll come back by twos and threes, beneath the kindly trees,  
And, tho echoes we have known  
Shall have faint and fainter grown, ONCE MORE!

So, the old love in the rhyme, we bravely challenge Time,  
And, good fellows, tried and true,  
Here's to *you*—and *you*—and *you*! ONCE MORE!

**O** WHO will o'er the downs so free,  
 O who will with me ride?  
 O who will up and follow me,  
 To win a blooming bride?  
 Her father, he has locked the door,  
 Her mother keeps the key:  
 But neither door nor bolt shall part  
 My own true love from me.

I saw her bow'r at twilight grey,  
 'Twas guarded safe and sure:  
 I saw her bow'r at break of day,  
 'Twas guarded then no more!  
 The varlets, they were all asleep,  
 And none was near to see  
 The greeting fair, that passed there,  
 Between my love and me!

I promised her to come at night,  
 With comrades brave and true,—  
 A gallant band, with sword in hand,  
 To break her prison thro';  
 I promised her to come at night,  
 She's waiting now for me,  
*Bis.* { And ere the dawn of morning light;  
 { I'll set my true love free!

## 23

## The Sunset Glow is Burning.

1. The sun - set glow is burn - ing To ash - es in the west,  
 Let songs of peace re - turn - ing Make glad our twi - light rest.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in a major mode despite the key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Where late the fiery noon-light  
 Waged unrelenting wars,  
 Aloft sweet mistress Moonlight  
 Now shepherdeth her stars.

Our day-born cares surrender  
 To Evening's welcome arms,  
 With music clear and tender  
 We hail her mellow charms.

The swift night groweth older,  
 So now, before we part,  
 Set shoulder close to shoulder  
 And sing heart true to heart.

## 24

Woodbury's air, in C; or Hatton's part-song (Ditson) A flat.

**S**TARS of the summer night!  
 Far in yon azure deeps,  
 Hide, hide your golden light!  
 She sleeps! my lady sleeps!  
 Moon of the summer night!  
 Far down yon western steeps,  
 Sink, sink in silver light!  
 She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!  
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
 Fold, fold, your pinions light!  
 She sleeps! my lady sleeps!  
 Dreams of the summer night!  
 Tell her, her lover keeps  
 Watch! while in slumbers light  
 She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

*Bis.* { COME out, 'tis now September,  
 The hunter's Moon begun,  
 And thro the wheaten stubble  
 Is heard the frequent gun.  
 The leaves are paling yellow,  
 Or kindling into red,  
 And the ripe and golden Barley  
 Is hanging down its head.

*All among the Barley,  
 Who would not be blithe,  
 Bis { When the free and happy Barley  
 Is smiling on the scythe.*

*Bis.* { The Spring, she is a young maid,  
 That does not know her mind;  
 The Summer is a tyrant,  
 Of most unrighteous kind;  
 The Autumn is an old friend,  
 That loves one all he can,  
 And that brings the happy Barley  
 To glad the heart of man.

*Bis.* { The Wheat is like a rich man,  
 That's sleek and well-to-do;  
 The Oats are like a pack of girls,  
 Laughing and dancing too;  
 The Rye is like a miser  
 That's sulky, lean, and small;  
 But the free and bearded Barley  
 Is monarch of them all!



## The Winds Are All Hushed.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 2/2 time signature. The lyrics are: "THE winds are all hushed, and the Moon is high, Like a queen on her sil - ver throne;". The second system continues the melody and includes a "cresc." (crescendo) marking. The lyrics are: "Tran - quill and dark the wood-lands lie, Scarce - ly a cloud sails o'er the sky; None is a -". The third system includes a "rit. e dim." (ritardando e diminuendo) marking. The lyrics are: "wake save the stars and I; Sleep-est thou still, mine own! Sleep-est thou still, mine own!". The score ends with a double bar line.

THE winds are all hushed, and the Moon is high, Like a queen on her sil - ver throne;

Tran - quill and dark the wood-lands lie, Scarce - ly a cloud sails o'er the sky; None is a -

wake save the stars and I; Sleep-est thou still, mine own! Sleep-est thou still, mine own!

Now straight to thy whispering lattice flies  
 A song that is thine alone;  
 Thou art the Moon in my dark skies,  
 Starlight but answers thy deep eyes,  
 Waken, O dreamer! Sweet heart, arise!  
 Sleepest thou still mine own,—  
 Sleepest thou still mine own!

**H**AIL to the Queen of the silent night!

Shine clear, shine bright,

Yield thy pensive light.

Blithely we dance in thy silver ray,

Merrily passing the hours away.

Must we not love thee, stilly Night,

Drest in thy robes of blue and white?

Heav'n's arches ring,

Stars wink and sing,

Hail, silent Night!

*Bis.* { *Fairy Moonlight! Fairy Moonlight!*  
*Fairy Moon - - - light!*  
 [mid-parts] *Fairy, Fairy, Fairy Moonlight!*

Pure dart thy glance from thy throne on high,

Beam on thro sky,

Robed in azure dye;

Laugh we and sport while the night-bird sings,

Flapping the dew from his sable wings.

Sprites love to prank in the still moonlight,

Tossing the pearls of shadowy night ;

Then let us sing,

Time's on the wing,

Hail, silent Night!

*Bis.* { *Fairy Moonlight! Fairy Moonlight!*  
*Fairy Moon - - - light!*  
 [mid-parts] *Fairy, Fairy, Fairy Moonlight!*

## Twilight Comes Soon.

*Andante.*

*rit.*

Twilight comes soon!.....  
Twilight comes soon!

*f* *p* *f* *con moto.* *m*

1. Then sing, boys, sing, While  
2. The Sun burns high, The  
3. Our greet-ings fail, The

*f* *p* *f*

*f* *p* *rit.* *a tempo.*

sun - ny morn - ings last, Love's mu - sic bring, Be - fore.....  
dus - ty way is long, Man's strength... goes by: But love.....  
shad - ows lon - ger grow, Youth-light..... is pale! But sing.....

*f* *p* *Andante.* *rit.* *pp*

the day is past, is past, } Twilight comes soon,  
hath yet a song, a song, } comes soon!  
we, tho we know, we know, }

*f* *p*

are love the day is past, song,  
sing we, tho we know,

To the Music Composed by Dr. Benjamin C. Blodgett.

**N**OW as of old, tomorrow and for aye  
 Thro time our charmed domain stands fair and strong.  
 Behold our Queen in all her dear array,  
 And hear and share the tribute of our song!  
 A guild of reverent sons, with broad acclaim  
 We sound our joy in thy security;  
 Large lift thy walls and larger lifts thy fame,  
 Staunch is thy past and sure thy years to be.  
 Thy lawns and groves are precious with the tread  
 Of those who heard thy summons and who wrought  
 Thy lessons into life. They are not dead  
 Who come no more; thou hast them in thy thought.  
 Live on, O generous Mother! starry-eyed,  
 Stout to the winds and bosomed toward the Sun;  
 Thy terrace is a throne, thy grace our pride;—  
*Long live the Queen! Her reign is but begun.*

Arr: "Off to the Rio Grande." Key of A flat.

**I**N seventeen-hundred and ninety-three,—Oneida!  
 They planned the old Academee, Oneida Hamilton!  
 Sing O-neida! Sing O-neida!

*Bis.* { The cradle of knowledge, our jolly old College—  
 Oneida Hamilton!

The year was eighteen-hundred and twelve,—Oneida!  
 When Backus gripped the College helve—Oneida's Hamilton!  
 Sing O-neida! Sing O-neida!

*Bis.* { And he hewed us the way that we travel today—  
 Oneida Hamilton!

## Where Free Winds Blow.

M. W. 8.

Arr. for Male Voices by H. P. MAIN.

1ST BASS.

1. Where free winds  
2. One loy - al

PIANO.

blow, And sum-mers glow,                      And mead-owed wa-ters gleam,                      And hills a -  
band, O'er all the land,                      We sound thy good-ly praise;                      In youth or

FULL QUARTET OR CHORUS.

rise In rain-bowed skies,                      Our dap-pled walls stand fast.                      Thro  
age, Our her-it-age,                      Thy sons their Dame en-fold.                      A -

cresc.

# Where Free Winds Blow.

toll and sleep they tow'r and clus - tre; A vig - il and a dream, And  
bout thy stur - dy hon - or rang - ing, Tho com - eth blast or blase, With

lam - bent stars with soft - est lus - tre Hold watch while years glide past. While free winds  
joy we pledge a faith un - chang - ing, And still thy name up - hold. So loom in

blow And wa - ters flow Thy fame, fair Ham - il - ton, shall grow.  
light, Old Col - lege Height; As long as life our love thy right.

"A LITTLE, OLD-FASHIONED, COUNTRY, COLLEGE."

**S**TAND close once more, and let it roar,  
 And swing it round and round;  
 Fill all the air, till everywhere  
 Comes back the merry sound.  
 Let Yale and Harvard crack their cheeks,  
 Cornell and Princeton bawl,  
 We'll sing our little HAMILTON, —  
 The daisy of them all!  
 Along her massive terrace  
 She uplifts her steady flame,  
 And every trusty son of hers  
 Declares her name.  
 Let Trinity and Williams howl  
 And Colgate scream and fall:  
 It's — Ho! FOR LITTLE HAMILTON! —  
 The daisy of them all.

**W**HEN first I saw sweet Peggy,  
 'T was on a market day:  
 A low-backed car she drove, and sat  
 Upon a truss of hay;  
 But when that hay was blooming grass,  
 And decked with flowers of spring,  
 No flower was there that could compare  
 With the blooming girl I sing.  
 As she sat in the low-backed car,  
 The man at the turnpike bar  
 Never asked for the toll,  
 But just rubbed his owld poll,  
 And looked after the low-backed car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,  
 With Peggy by my side,  
 Than a coach and four, and gold galore,  
 And a lady for my bride;  
 For the lady would sit forninst me,  
 On a cushion made with taste,  
 While Peggy would sit beside me,  
 With my arm around her waist,  
 While we drove in the low-backed car.  
 To be married by Father Mahar;  
 Oh, my heart would beat high  
 At her glance and her sigh, —  
 Tho it beat in a low-backed car.

## Χαίρε Πότνια Μητέρα.

AIR: Russian Hymn. Key of E flat.

Μητέρα νυν, πότνια, παισί φιλούμεν,  
 στίματα εισφέρομεν γόνυ σου,  
 ὅσπερ συνηαίρουμέναι σοι μέγα  
 δραγματ' ἔχουσα καὶ τε μάκωνας.

( E. K. )

## Good Night, My Darling.

1. Good night, good night, my dar - ling;... May earth - ly cares now cease... God  
 2. Good night, good night, my dar - ling;... Let smil - ing eyes a - bove, ... Look  
 3. Good night, good night, my dar - ling;... Sweet dreams I ask for thee, ... O

give thee rest and peace... } Good night, good night, my dar - ling, ... Fair  
 down on thee in love....  
 think and dream of me....

an - gels guard thy slum - ber. Good night! .....  
 Good night, good night! ...



## 36

## Thro the Dear Old Music.

*p* *cresc.*  
 Thro the dear old mu - sic, O'er the voic - es strong, Come the well - re -  
*dim.* *pp* *rall.*  
 mem - bered Once who loved our song, Once who loved our song.  
 song, our song.

Still that manly passion pulsing memory hears,  
 Just as when they sang here in their happy years.

All along these pathways, by the ivied wall,  
 Steals a wistful cadence, strange bright shadows fall.

Fairest, fondest, Mother, now with all the rest,  
 Gone but unforgotten, fold us to thy breast.

## 37

Air: "Star of the Evening." Key of C.

**B**EAUTIFUL Star, in Heaven so bright, softly falls thy silvern light!  
 As thou movest from Earth afar, star of the evening, beautiful star,—  
 Star of the evening, beautiful star!

*Beautiful Star, beautiful Star, Star, Star of the evening, beautiful Star!*

In fancy's ear thou seem'st to say, follow me, come from Earth away,  
 Upward thy spirit pinions try, to realms of light beyond the sky.

38

AIR: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Key of A minor.

**W**HEN Hamilton has the ball again, Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 When Hamilton has the ball again, Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 We'll rattle them while the signals crack,  
 We'll harry their lines and crowd them back,  
*And we'll tear them up! when Hamilton has the ball;—*  
**WE'LL TEAR THEM UP! WHEN HAMILTON HAS THE BALL!**

Her centre and guards are there to stay,  
 Her tackles and ends will have their way,  
 Whenever her backs go down the field,  
 The drove again 'em is bound to yield,  
*And we'll tear them up! when—*

We have the sand, we'll have the score,  
 A couple of dozen and something more,  
 Mit donner und blitzten in we go,  
 And———hasn't the ghost of a show;  
*For we'll tear them up, when—*

39

AIR: "Good-bye Dolly Gray." Key of C.

**G**OOD-BYE,———you're a goner!  
 See, your line begins to fall!  
 Something tells us you are beaten,  
 When *Hamilton* has the ball.  
 See the Blue and Buff advancing,  
 Hark! I hear the fellows say,—  
 Twelve to nothing, now or never;  
 'Tis another *Hamilton* day!

## 40

## Now While All the Starry Train.

Now while all the star - ry train Fills the sol - emn sky a - bove,  
Hands a - round and yet a - gain Sing the Col - lege of our love.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

Where the fountain leaps and falls,  
Where the spire gives back the Moon,  
Past the brown and pillared halls,  
Pour again the living tune.

Winter's night, or summer's day,  
Thro the laughter or the tears,  
Here at home or far away,  
Hail the lovelight thro the years.

## 41

AIR: Mendelssohn's Duet. Key of B flat. Ditson's Choruses, No. 4893.

**O** WERT thou in the cold blast,  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;  
Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around the blaw,  
Thy shield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
Or were I monarch of the globe,  
With thee to reign, with thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen!

## 42

ARR: Dixie. Key of C.

**H**OLD them down! — We have not forgotten.  
 Hit them hard; their line is rotten!  
 Look at that! Ho! Ho!  
 Ki yi! see 'em go!  
 Oh yes, we'll buff and blue them,  
 And grim  
 With vim,  
 We'll tackle low  
 For every throw,  
 And drive the daylight thro them!  
 Such guards!  
 Ten yards!  
 Oh, yes indeed, we'll do them

---

## 43

ARR: "Bring Back My Bonnie." Key of C.

**O**NCE more as we wait on the side lines,  
 Before our stout fellows begin,  
 We're certain as fate, on the side lines,  
 To gather the victory in.  
 Once more, once more,  
 Hamilton standeth to win, my child;  
 Once more, once more,  
 Hamilton standeth to win.

(Piano and rit.)

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
 Last night as I lay on my bed,  
 I dreamed of a big weeping willow,  
 Perceiving that ——— was dead!

**A** GAIN the bounds our hearts know well,—  
 The twilight music calling,  
 And fondly the melodies float and swell,  
 Our spirits tenderly thralling.  
 O sunshine dawn! O radiant dream!  
 We move in thy spell elysian;  
 No clanging years can dull thy gleam,—  
 Changeless the swaying vision.  
 Ye shine more bright as we breathe your praise,  
 O scenes of light entrancing!  
 The deep dear song of College days  
 Our life-long love enhancing.

---

**I** KNOW a maiden fair to see,  
*Take care! Take care!*  
 She can both false and friendly be,  
*Beware! Beware!*  
*Trust her not; she's fooling thee!*  
  
 She has two eyes so soft and brown,  
 She gives a side glance and looks down.  
 And she has hair of a golden hue,  
 And what she says it is not true.  
 She gives thee a garland woven fair:  
 It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear.

46

AIR: Canadian Boat Song. Key of F.

**F**AINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,  
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Anns our parting hymn.  
 Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,—  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

---

47

AIR: Adapted. Key of D flat.

**I**F you want to go to College, just come along with me,  
 By the light, by the light, by the light of the Moon;  
 This brave old College is just the place to be,  
 By the light, by the light of the Moon.  
*By the light of the Moon, etc., etc.*

Twinkle, twinkle little star!  
 How I wonder what your are;—  
 Up above the world so high,  
 Like a pretty fire-fly.

---

48

AIR: Piusuti's part-song. Key of E flat.

**G**OOD NIGHT! Good night, beloved!  
 I come to watch o'er thee!  
 To be near thee,—to be near thee,  
 Alone is peace for me.  
 Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
 Thy lips are crimson flowers!  
 Good night! Good night, beloved,  
 While I watch the weary hours.

WHILE the scarlet autumn glory  
 Scarfs the keen and brilliant sky,  
 Thrill again the ancient story,  
 As we nail our colors high!

*Bis.* { *So we shout for the whole line*  
*Swooping down to the welcoming goal-line;*  
*We've the wit, sir,—the grit, sir,—*  
*And we'll smite them hip and thigh!*

When they think, it makes them sober,  
 As our good team plunges on,  
 How, in many a red October,  
 We have bid them—Goodbye, John!

*Bis.* { *Just a few more of such downs,*  
*And there'll be a harvest of touch-downs!*  
*Then, a stone-wall,—a whirlwind,—*  
*And the splendid foray's won!*

Alternate first and third lines for second stanza.

For we all can well remember,  
 How in many a bright November,












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